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F E A T U R I N G  
E A R L E S S  
S E L L E R S



JANUARY

# BLUE BOLT

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BLUE BOLT

VOL. 5 NO. 4

JOE DONOHUE







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Hi gang—

It'll be turkey time before we pop in on you again, so here's hoping you have a really good Thanksgiving. Enjoy yourselves but don't be stuffy about that big spread you're going to have or your indigestion will be a little the worse for wear. It's a temptation, though, for whenever we sit down to roast turkey, nut dressing, rich gravy, cranberry sauce, and various and sundry other edibles, why, doggone it, we're full long before we've eaten everything we want!! Our eyes are just twice the size of our tummies!

There are two one-page stories in this issue because a number of your letters have requested the two-page fiction be split in half. Let us know how you like them and whether or not we should continue with this idea. Some of you seem to think shorter stories make for easier reading while others say not. It's up to you gang, to decide what's to be done.

Just a reminder not to slow up on the paper, tin, and waste fat salvage, for they're still essential ingredients to the war effort. As our armies sweep forward we'll need more and more supplies to keep up with them, and you are the ones who can help out immeasurably; so pitch right in!

Again, gang, enjoy your Thanksgiving Day to the utmost

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the latest issue of BLUE BOLT, and I think it is the best issue ever. I read Blue Bolt Flashes and in one letter a boy said that Eddie and Jerry go a little too far. Well, to tell the truth, sometimes they do; but name a comic that doesn't. Anyway it wouldn't be interesting if they didn't.

I think every story in BLUE BOLT is swell.

An interested reader,  
Joan Simpson  
Montgomery, Alabama

*You've really got something there, Joan. Although Eddie and Jerry do get into unusual scrapes, if they didn't you probably wouldn't care for them at all!!*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am one of your constant readers and I have one criticism. That is that Edison Bell has modern adventures, but he wears knickers that boys nowadays don't. His adventures are more than the average boy has, but through him we, the readers, imagine ourselves in just such adventures. Thank you for that!

I couldn't ask for more in the rest of BLUE BOLT and the art is "on the beam." Keep it up!

A faithful fan,  
Mary Irene Fowler  
Denver, Colorado

*Eddie will go shopping for his first pair of longies real soon, Mary. You're right, of course, for he has grown too large for knickers.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I enjoy BLUE BOLT as often as I can get a copy to read. It is really swell; so full of variety. I especially like Fearless Fellers and Dick Cole, but the others are good, too. I am 13 years old and a freshman at Pinedale High School. We boys have a comic book exchange and sometimes I buy copies I want to keep.

I am a 4-H Club member and we are collecting waste paper and scrap at present.

Yours truly,  
Jimmie Mathies  
Etta, R. No. 1, Miss.

*Keep up the good work, Jimmie, and don't slip up on salvaging paper for we need every scrap for the war effort*

Dear Editors:

I have been reading your magazine for some time and find that it makes for relaxing reading and it's a big factor in passing the time. I enjoy Krisko and Jasper and their adventures. I have noticed that BLUE BOLT is read by nearly every member aboard ship, and such popularity must be deserved. It's a good book, makes good reading, but I would like to see it put up in pocket-size overseas editions for the Armed Forces. It's not only an original idea but it will prove popular with the Army, Navy, Seabees and Marines from China to Iceland!

At any rate, BLUE BOLT gets my vote whether on shore or afloat, for good, fast, interesting reading.

Respectfully,  
Peter Wersching  
Somewhere in So. Pacific

*Thanks for the complimentary V-mail, Pete.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I've just finished reading the last issue of BLUE BOLT. I like it because most of the stories did really happen or at least could have happened. My three brothers and I read it over and over many times.

Some people think that Dick Cole's drawings are good, though. I don't. I think their heads should be a little more lifelike.

I am the oldest child in my family—being 10. Each week I write a little family newspaper and send it to my relatives. I have comic strips in it, too.

Yours truly,  
Joan Houck  
Decatur, Illinois

*The idea of a family paper is certainly good, Joan, so keep it up! Take a good look at the Cole's strip in this issue, though. We've an idea you'll really like it.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I like BLUE BOLT COMICS better than any yet. Dick Cole and Sergeant Spook are my favorites.

But that's not the only thing I like about BLUE BOLT. It's swell the way the editors take the criticism.

A reader,  
Dolores Traub  
Tucson, Arizona

*It's really no credit to us at all, Dolores, for the complimentary letters far overbalance the criticism.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 111 W. 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

A 25c War Stamp will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.



# DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

FOOTBALL AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY IS NEARLY OVER. TEAM PLAY, PLUS THE ALL AROUND BRILLIANCE OF DICK COLE, HAVE PRODUCED AN UNBEATEN SEASON TO DATE. ONLY WILSON ACADEMY AND HOLDEN M.A. REMAIN ON THE SCHEDULE. BECAUSE OF DICK'S ABILITY, HIS UNDER STUDY, BARKLEY HALL, HAS SEEN VERY LITTLE ACTION ALL SEASON, AND HALL IS "BURNED UP." PRACTICE OVER, AND MOST OF THE SQUAD SHOWERED, DRESSED, AND GONE, HALL IS EXPRESSING HIS FEELINGS.

WELL, WE PLAY WILSON TOMORROW, THEN HOLDEN NEXT SATURDAY. BANG! SEASON'S OVER! I'VE PLAYED EXACTLY SEVEN MINUTES ALL YEAR! AND WHY?... BECAUSE DICK COLE HAS HOGGED THE WHOLE SHOW. I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO STRUT MY STUFF!



YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT COLE'S GOOD, HALL.

WHY DICK COLE IS TOPS!

OH, HE'S GOOD—TOO GOOD! I WISH HE'D BREAK A NECK OR A LEG, OR SOMETHING! HOW I WANT TO GET INTO THESE LAST TWO GAMES!

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT, BARK!



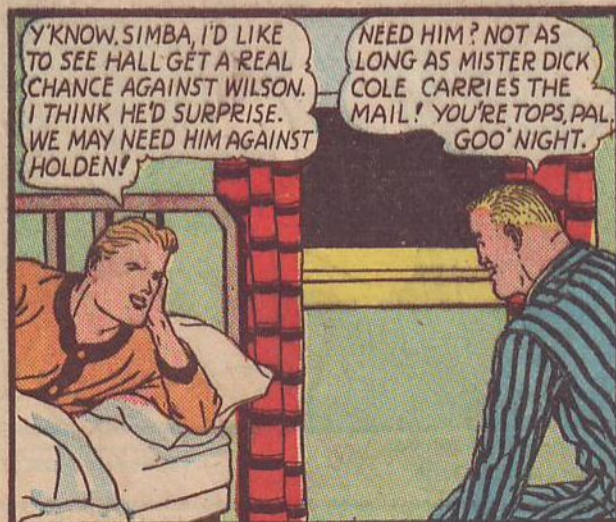
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SATURDAY AFTERNOON—THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRD QUARTER OF THE FARR M.A. vs. WILSON ACADEMY GAME. A SCRAPPY WILSON TEAM HAS PLAYED THE FARR ELEVEN, COMPOSED OF THE FIRST STRING LINE AND SECOND STRING BACKFIELD, TO A STANDSTILL. WHEN WILSON SCORES SIX POINTS, COACH BRADLY...SENDS IN HIS FIRST STRING BACKFIELD.



SIMBA! SLIPRY!  
COLE! HURD!  
GET IN THERE  
AND DO SOMETHING!

LAURA BRADLY LEADS THE CHEER—



WHICH RIGHT GUARD, "MOOSE" MORGAN, ECHOES.

HOORAY! HERE COMES COLE—AND MY CHANCE!

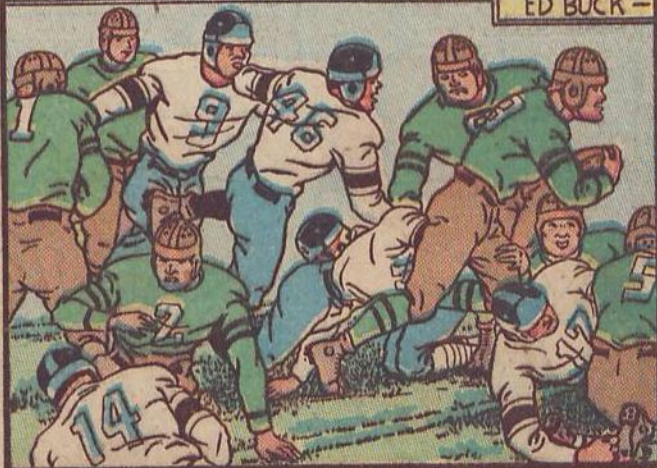


FARR HUDDLES, THEN—

OKAY, D-11,  
GANG!...  
LET'S GO!!



DICK CRASHES THROUGH HIS RIGHT GUARD ON A DELAYED BUCK—



AS DICK SMASHES THE LINE, TWO HANDS—

THE PLAYERS UNTANGLE—

WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
DICK?

OW! MY ANKLE!





I SAW WHAT YOU DID TO DICK, MOOSE MORGAN! YOU'RE A LOW-DOWN—

SHUT YOUR YAP, YOU DRIP, OR I'LL—

**SOC!**

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! OUT OF THE GAME! OFF THE FIELD! QUICK!

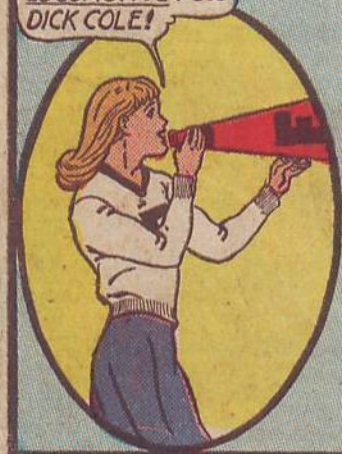


ALL OUT, GANG, IN A "LOCOMOTIVE" FOR DICK COLE!

GOSH, I HOPE THIS DOESN'T KEEP ME OUT OF THE HOLDEN GAME NEXT SATURDAY!

DON'T WORRY, DICK. YOU'LL BE OKAY.

**RAH-AH COLE!**



TOO BAD, DICK, TOO BAD! HELP HIM TO THE TRAINER, BROWN. TAKE IT EASY, DICK.

HM-M-M... DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD, COLE.

HALL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! TAKE COLE'S PLACE—GIVE 'EM FITS!





BARKLEY HALL  
GOES BERSERK!

HE—  
PLUNGES



PASSES AND



PUNTS



THE WILSON TEAM OFF ITS FEET! AS  
THE GAME ENDS, HALL INTERCEPTS  
A PASS AND RUNS IT BACK FOR THE  
FINAL SCORE.

AFTER THE GAME, COACH  
BRADLY SEES TRAINER TUCKER.

WELL, TUCKER, WILL  
COLE BE ABLE TO GO  
AGAINST HOLDEN  
NEXT SATURDAY?

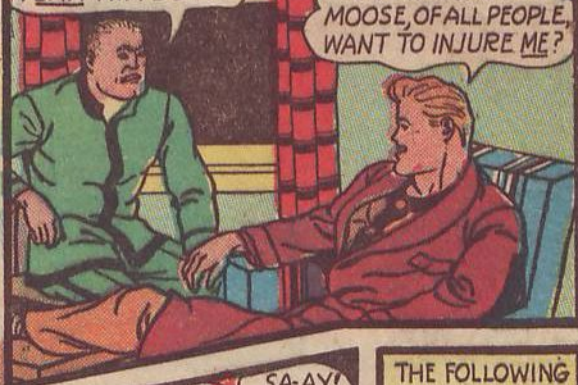
THE LIGAMENTS ARE  
TORN. I'M AFRAID THE  
ANSWER IS—NO SOAP!



IN DICK'S  
ROOM THAT NIGHT.

DICK, THAT  
(POLECAT, MOOSE MORGAN, DELIBERATELY  
TWISTED YOUR ANKLE!  
I SAW HIM DO IT!

BUT WHY SHOULD  
MOOSE, OF ALL PEOPLE,  
WANT TO INJURE ME?



SEARCH ME—BUT HE  
DID! AND NOW, WITH  
YOU OUT OF THE  
GAME, WE'LL PROBABLY  
LOSE TO HOLDEN  
NEXT SATURDAY!

NOT IF BARKLEY  
HALL GOES AS  
HE DID TODAY!  
THAT GUY IS—  
GOOD!



SA-AY!  
COULD THERE BE  
ANY TIE-UP BETWEEN HALL  
AND YOUR INJURY? MAYBE HE  
GOT MOOSE TO  
LAY YOU OUT  
SO HE'D HAVE—

OF COURSE  
NOT! HALL  
IS NO RAT!...  
FORGET IT!



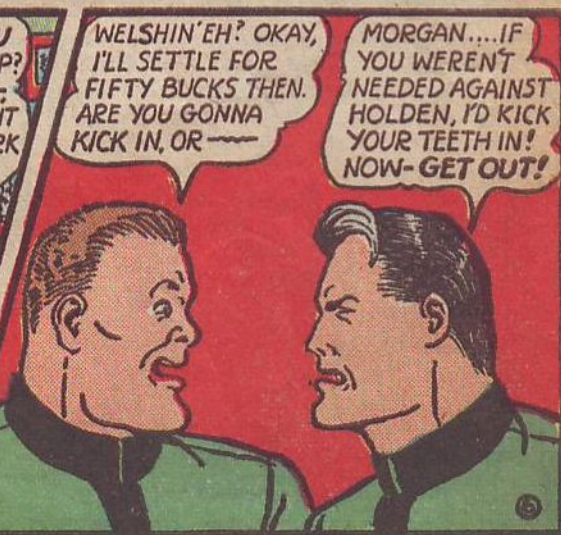
THE FOLLOWING  
DAY DICK ....  
HOBBLES OUT  
TO WATCH....  
PRACTICE AND  
MEETS LAURA.

HELLO, LAURA.

OH, DICK! I'M  
JUST SICK OVER  
YOUR INJURY!  
I— OH, HERE  
COMES HALL.









O-KAY! I'M GOIN', BUT YOU'LL WISH YOU'D PLAY-ED SQUARE! YOU'LL SEE!

GET... OUT!

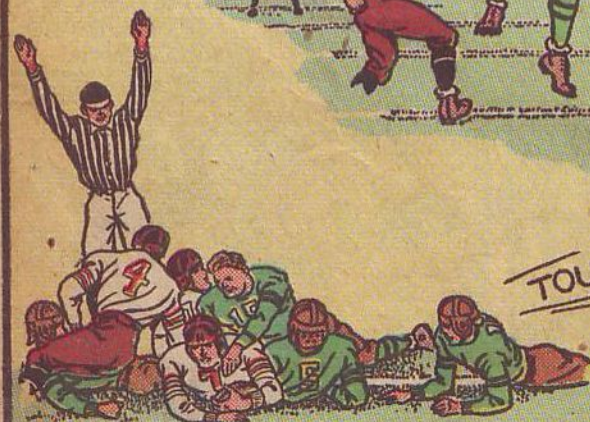
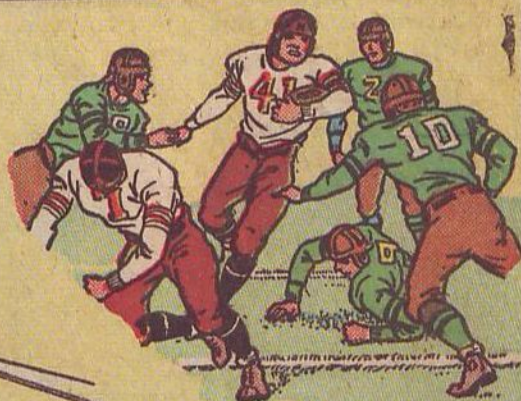
IN THE FARR LOCKER ROOMS... GAME TIME WITH HOLDEN M.A.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, THIS IS IT!... WATCH OUT FOR DALE JACKS AND HIS QUICK KICK. DON'T LET NUMBER 4, BURGESS, GET LOOSE ON THAT DOUBLE REVERSE HIT 'EM HARD!... PLAY CLEAN! LET'S GO!!

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS SHAKE HANDS AND THE COIN IS TOSSED.

YEA-HOLDEN! FARR FARR!

THE GAME IS ON!



TOUCHDOWN!

AS THE TEAMS LINE UP FOR THE TRY FOR THE POINT, AFTER HOLDEN'S SCORE—

WELL, HEEL, YOU GONNA KICK IN THE FIFTY AFTER THE GAME?

SHUT THAT FILTHY TRAP OF YOURS! NO!!





AND ON THE FARR BENCH—

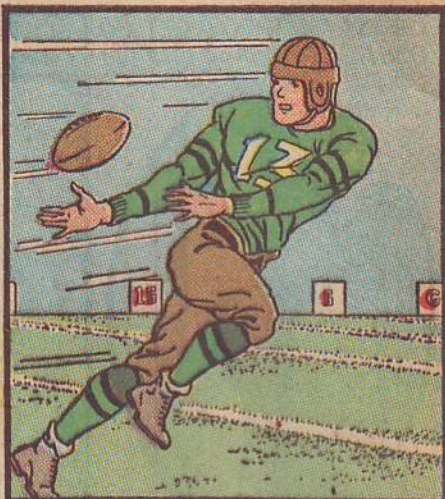
WELL, THEY MADE IT!  
HOLDEN'S AHEAD  
SEVEN POINTS.  
GEE! I WISH YOU  
WERE IN THERE,  
DICK!

BOY!  
SO DO  
I!



IT IS THE 4<sup>TH</sup> QUARTER OF  
THE HARD-FOUGHT GAME..  
2 MIN. 15 SECONDS TO GO...  
SCORE...HOLDEN, 20; FARR,  
19. HALL, WHO HAD THE  
WIND KNOCKED OUT OF  
HIM LATE IN THE 3<sup>RD</sup>  
QUARTER, GOES BACK IN.  
FARR RECEIVES—AND HALL  
RUNS IT BACK TO FARR'S  
39 YARD LINE. 1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN.

WE'LL PASS! P4-6-11-!



THE PASS IS GOOD TO HOLDEN'S 19 YD. LINE—

1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN ON HOLDEN'S 19 YD.  
LINE. SIMBA PLUNGES FOR  
3 YARDS.



THEN HALL, ON A NAKED  
REVERSE, MAKES IT  
1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN ON HOLDEN'S  
7 YARD LINE.



1<sup>ST</sup> DOWN—GOAL TO  
GO! HALL CRACKS  
CENTER—AND—



GOSH! HE'S OUT COLD!



GROGGY, HALL IS OUT  
OF THE GAME. A SUB  
RUNS IN, AND, WITH—



20 SECONDS TO GO, THE FARR QUARTER-  
BACK DECIDES TO TRY TO FOOL HOLDEN.  
SQUARELY IN FRONT OF THE GOAL POSTS  
HE CALLS PLAY-K-L-49, A FAKE PLACE  
KICK WITH THE END AROUND—

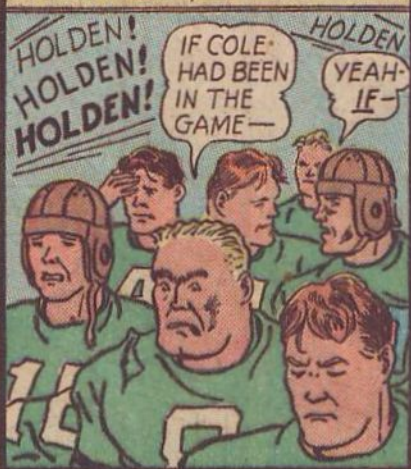




THE PLAY IS THROWN FOR AN EIGHT YARD LOSS AS THE GUN GOES OFF ENDING THE GAME! HOLDEN WINS! 20 TO 19



THE TEAMS START OFF THE FIELD—FARR DOWNCAST, HOLDEN JUBILANT.



BUT WHAT IS THIS CONFERENCE BACK ON THE 7 YARD LINE?

I TELL YOU, HOLDEN WAS OFF SIDE ON THAT LAST PLAY. YEAH... THE HOLDEN RIGHT TACKLE.

THEN FARR HAS ONE MORE PLAY. GET THE TEAMS BACK, BURKE.



PANDEMONIUM REIGNS AS THE TEAMS TROOP BACK TO THE FIELD. AND ON THE FARR SIDE—



DICK HOPS TO IT, AS THE STANDS ROCK WITH CHEERS!

DICK REPORTS—TIME IS 'IN'—THE TEAMS LINE UP. DICK BALANCES ON HIS GOOD LEG—



THE BALL IS SNAPPED TO SIMBA. DICK—



GRITS HIS TEETH—SHIFTS TO HIS INJURED LEG AND KICKS—



SPLITTING THE CROSS BAR FOR 3 POINTS, AND FARR WINS 22 TO 20 AS DICK.... COLLAPSES ON THE GROUND.







IN BARK HALL'S ROOM  
THE NIGHT AFTER THE GAME-

OF ALL THE GRAND-  
STAND STUNTS, THE  
ONE COLE PULLED  
TODAY IS ONE FOR YE BOOK!  
THAT GUY. CAMPS IN MY  
HAIR! HE'S- HE'S- OH, CON-  
FOUND IT! HE'S GOT WHAT  
IT TAKES! I--

NOC! NOC!

COME IN!



HERE'S A NOTE  
FOR YOU, MR.  
HALL.

THANKS. BRING  
IT HERE, SONNY.

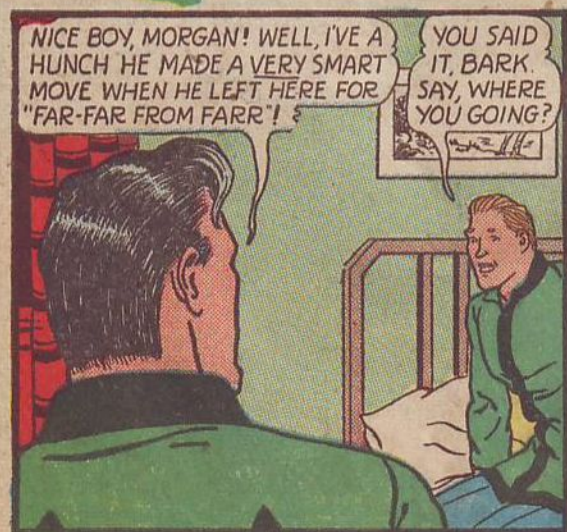
HM-M. WHAT'S THIS? WELL  
I'LL BE- LISTEN, JED! OF  
ALL THE DUMB, DIRTY DRIPS!  
IT SAYS-

"HELLO, LIAR! THIS IS TO  
TELL YOU I KNOCKED THE  
WIND OUT OF YOU IN THE  
THIRD QUARTER  
AND I SLUGGED  
YOU-KNOCKED  
YOU



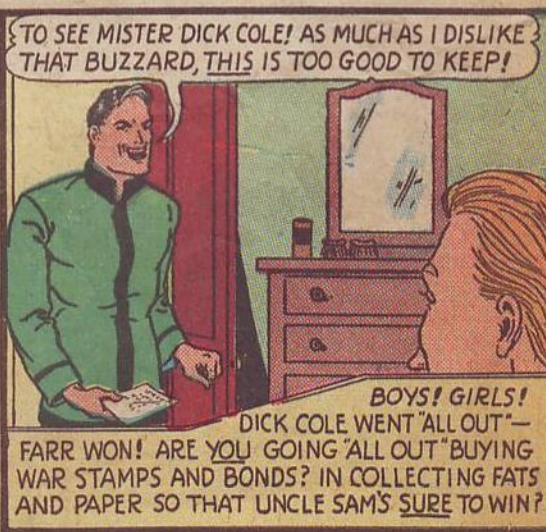
OUT IN THE FOURTH! SO  
YOU DIDN'T OUTSHINE COLE  
AFTER ALL, DID YOU!. NEXT  
TIME LIVE UP TO YOUR WORD.  
WHEN YOU GET THIS I'LL BE  
ON MY WAY 'FAR-FAR FROM  
FARR.' SO LONG, BLISTER.  
BAD LUCK TO YOU AND THAT  
LOUSY SCHOOL.

MOOSE MORGAN.  
P.S. TELL COLE I'M SORRY I  
DIDN'T BREAK HIS NECK  
INSTEAD OF JUST  
TWISTING HIS LEG!"



NICE BOY, MORGAN! WELL, I'VE A  
HUNCH HE MADE A VERY SMART  
MOVE WHEN HE LEFT HERE FOR  
"FAR-FAR FROM FARR!"

YOU SAID  
IT, BARK.  
SAY, WHERE  
YOU GOING?



TO SEE MISTER DICK COLE! AS MUCH AS I DISLIKE  
THAT BUZZARD, THIS IS TOO GOOD TO KEEP!

BOYS! GIRLS!  
DICK COLE WENT 'ALL OUT'-  
FARR WON! ARE YOU GOING 'ALL OUT' BUYING  
WAR STAMPS AND BONDS? IN COLLECTING FATS  
AND PAPER SO THAT UNCLE SAM'S SURE TO WIN?

STAY RIGHT BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN  
TIL VICTORY IS THEIRS AGAIN.



# OLD CAP HAWKINS TRUE TALES



IT'S SAID, JOEY, THAT MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS DOG. NOTHING CAN PROVE THAT BETTER THAN THE COURAGEOUS FEATS OF THE DOGS OF THE K-9 CORPS, WHO ARE WITH OUR FIGHTING MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD. THEY'RE FINE, BRAVE DOGS - LIKE CAESAR.



CAESAR, A 4 YR. OLD SHEPHERD DOG, LANDED WITH THE MARINES AT BOUGAINVILLE - THE FIRST OF THE MARINE DOG PLATOON TO GO ASHORE.

AT 'EM, CAESAR!



AND CAESAR WAS AT 'EM!

GOOD WORK, BOY!.... BUT THEY NEED YOU AT HEADQUARTERS. BACK, CAESAR!



THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO  
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO.





SOON THE DAUNTLESS MARINES WERE CHASING THE JAPS  
DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE. AND WITH LEATHER-  
NECKS' SWIFT INLAND ADVANCE, CAESARS' JOB BECAME BIGGER.





A MOMENT LATER....

BOY, WE JUST  
MADE IT!



YOU SURE  
CAN SMELL  
THOSE JAPS,  
CAESAR.



SOON....

WHAT'S LEFT IS SURE  
ON THE RUN.  
LET'S GO, BOY.



BUT....



CAESAR SENSES THE ENEMY!

NO WONDER - FOR BEHIND THE  
TANGLE OF FOLIAGE....

GRENADE  
WILL FINISH  
THEM.



BUT BEFORE CAESAR CAN GET AWAY.....



A HIGHLY TRAINED DOG WILL ALWAYS SEIZE THE  
ENEMY'S THROWING OR SHOOTING ARM.







YES, THE K-9 CORPS ARE FAITHFUL, FIGHTING WAR DOGS...ALL VALIANT FRIENDS OF THE UNITED NATIONS.

KEEP ON DOING YOUR HOME FRONT CHORE  
AND BRING OUR MEN FROM THAT FOREIGN SHORE.



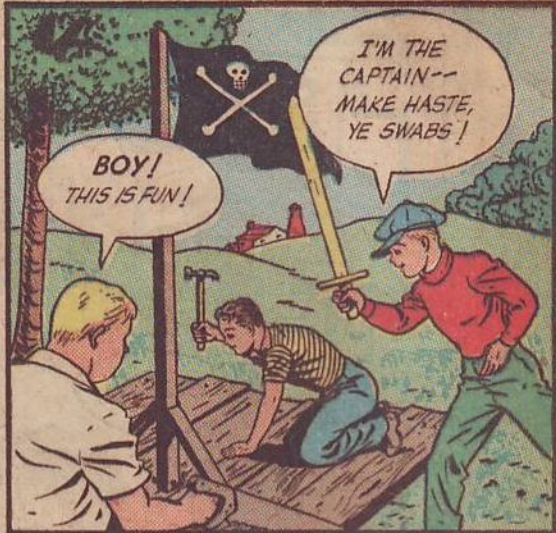
# FEARLESS FELLERS

By  
JOE DONOHUE

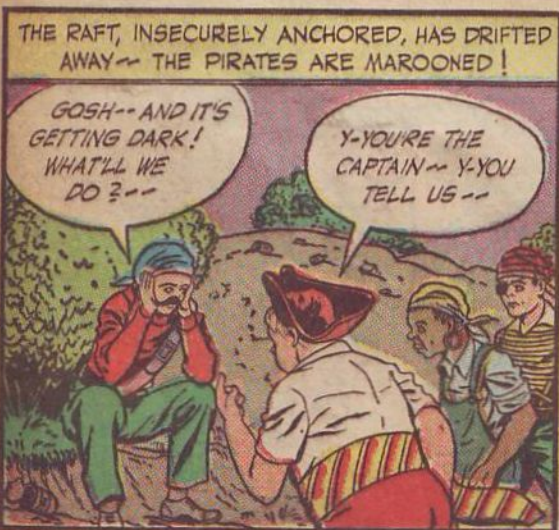


DON'T SACRIFICE YOUR BOOKS AND STUDIES  
LEAVE WORKING TO YOUR OLDER BUDDIES.

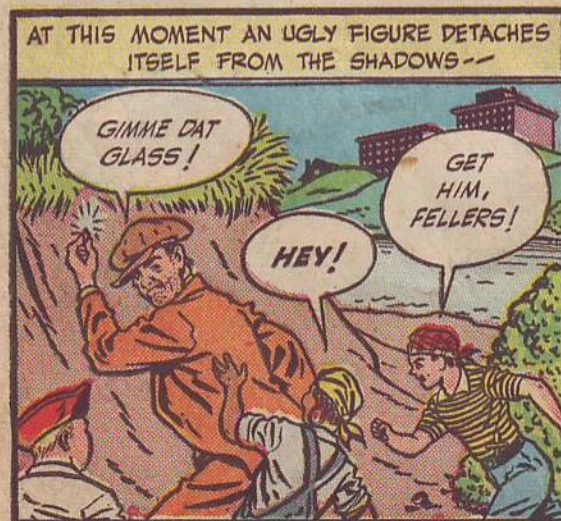
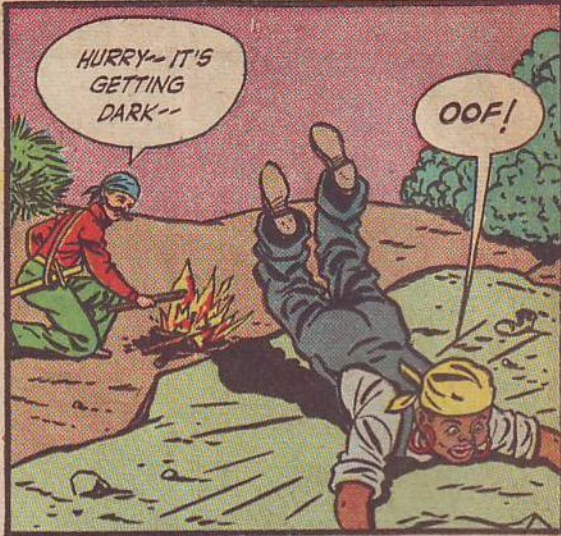














THEY ALL PILE ON--



BUT THE BIG MAN THROWS THEM OFF



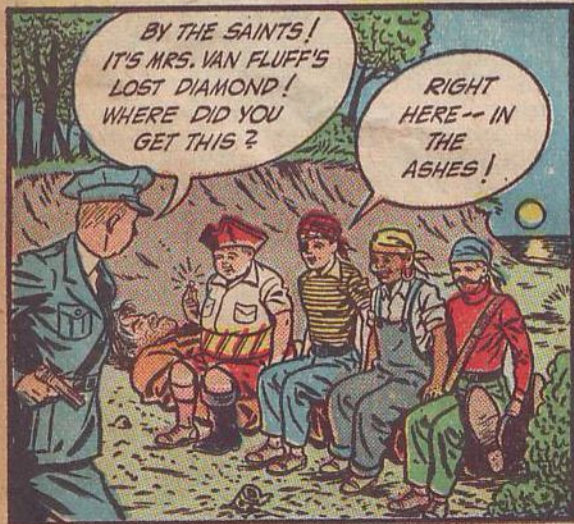
-- HE GRABS A STICK!



A STRANGE OBJECT FLIES OUT OF THE DARKNESS--



AS THE MAN FALLS-- A BRIGHT LIGHT HITS THEM--





# SPARKLING SECRET

By PAM ROBINSON

Ravenous and very tired, Jan Corblenz sat at the heavily-laden table eating his fill. The Germans had lost his trail long before he reached Zwolle. Of that he was certain, but he must nevertheless leave quickly. He felt a great relief now that the rubies were no longer his responsibility. Dame Landshut would see to it that they reached England safely. He turned and looked at her. She sat in front of the opened window, the starched lace curtains framing her kindly old face. Soft white hair swept into a bun on the nape of her neck. Gentle blue eyes gazed serenely at her knitting as she rocked back and forth in the rickety chair. Behind her a faint breeze touched the yellow tulips in the colorful window box urging them softly to and fro. Brilliant sunlight glanced off the brightly colored gravel sending rays of various hues into the quiet morning air.

"It is a lovely day, is it not, Jan?" Dame Landshut questioned softly.

"It is," he answered, "but I must be off quickly. The Germans by now might have found my trail."

"Do they know you by sight?" she asked, a touch of anxiety in her voice.

"No," he replied, "luckily it was very dark. Only the rubies would give us away. Have you hidden them well?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I have hidden them well."

Jan had given Dame Landshut the handful of fabulous pebbles when he arrived late the night before. It was not

the first time that he had successfully crossed over from Germany with costly jewels that would never again fall into the hands of the Nazis.

"I will not ask you where you have hidden them," he continued, "for then, truly, I will not know."

"How very right you are!" Dame Landshut laughed and Jan laughed with her, but they stopped abruptly.

Someone knocked loudly on the white-panelled door.

Dame Landshut continued rocking, never taking her eyes from her knitting.

"Who is there?" she called in her sweet, low voice.

"Open up," a harsh voice replied. "Quickly!"

She nodded to Jan, who rose to open the door. He stepped back to let the German officer pass.

"Ah, it is you, Oberleutnant," the old lady said. "What have you come for today? Some tea, perhaps?"

"No," the tall German answered sharply, then turned abruptly toward Jan. "Who is this?" he questioned.

"He is my nephew, Jan Corblenz," she replied. "He visits me often. Jan, this is the young Oberleutnant I told you about."

The German nodded curtly and spoke to the two soldiers who stood behind him.

"You will search very thoroughly," he said tartly and then explained to the tiny lady in the old rocking chair.

"A spy was lost in this district late last night and we believe he is in hiding. We do not know him but he carried some rubies with him

that will be impossible for him to hide without our competent searchers finding them. This entire district is covered and shall be searched with a fine-tooth comb!"

While he talked the two soldiers ransacked the small house. Rugs were lifted, pictures taken from the walls, even the dirt under the gravel in the tiny window box was sifted and carefully examined.

"They are not here," one of the soldiers said finally. "Of that we are most certain!" One could well believe it, for their search had been thorough and painstaking.

\* \* \*

When the deep roar of the Germans' car was lost in the distance, Jan sank limply into a chair. He had been weak with worry while the soldiers searched. Surely they would find the rubies! But they had not! Where then could Dame Landshut have hidden them?

"I see you are wondering," Dame Landshut said as if reading his mind. "Would you believe me if I said the Germans held the rubies in their hands and did not realize it?"

Jan stared at her.

"Did you not remark last night how like pebbles the uncut rubies were?" she smiled. "And where then are pebbles most apt to be found?"

Jan's incredulous gaze fell on the tiny window box with its dancing yellow tulips.

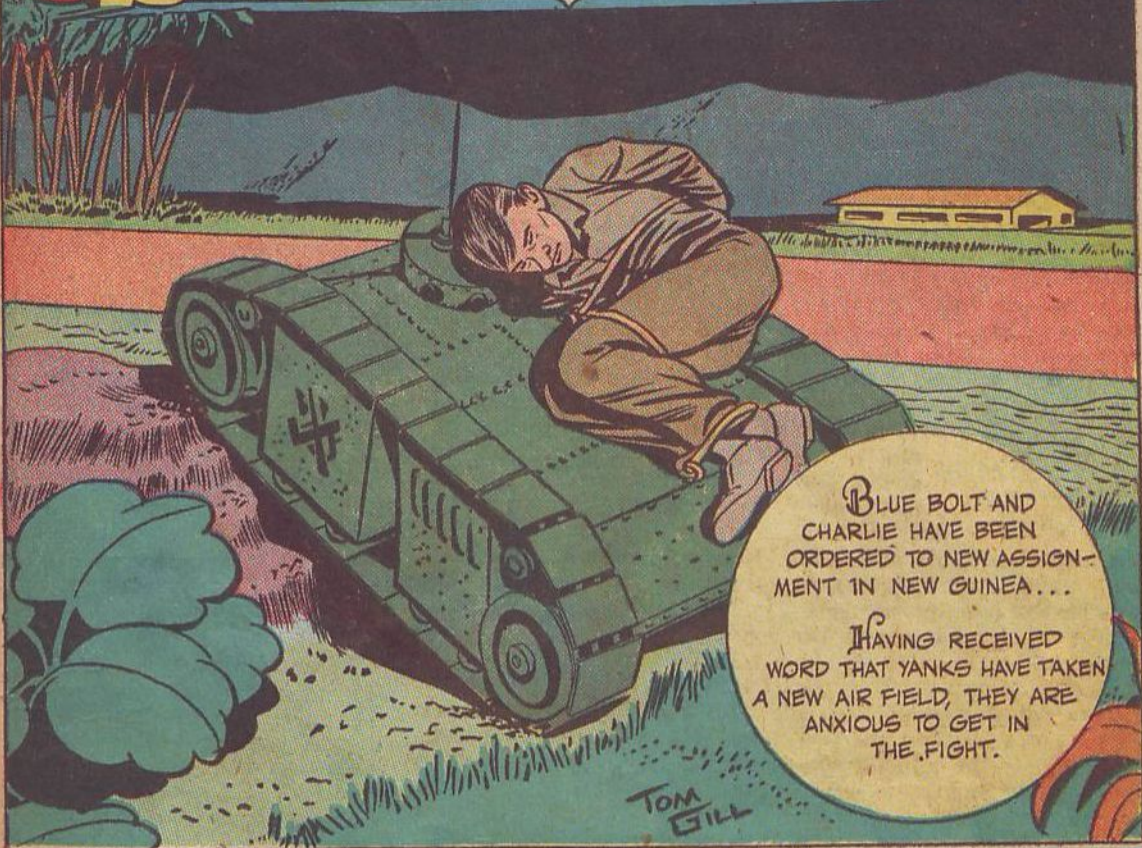
"Of course!" he exclaimed. "You put them with the colored gravel and the stupid Germans held a fortune in their hands and thought them only pebbles!"

THE END



# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



COLLECT YOUR PAPER, EAT AND TIN  
AND DO YOUR JOB SO WE WILL WIN.



BLUE BOLT LATER LANDS AT THE OTHER  
END OF THE FIELD.

WONDER HOW  
THAT HAPPENED? I'M  
STILL SHAKING.

SOME WELCOME,  
EH, BLUE BOLT?  
LET'S FIND OUT  
ABOUT IT!

IT IS THE  
DAY BEFORE  
THE CLOSE  
CALL ON THE  
CAPTURED  
AIR STRIP.  
MARG  
HESSLIN  
APPEARS AT  
C.O.'S HEAD-  
QUARTERS  
SHACK...

...SO YOU SEE, COLONEL,  
I HURRIED HERE AS SOON AS  
WE GOT THE NEWS. MY  
PAPER IS ANXIOUS  
FOR PICTURES.

IT'S AN  
ESPECIALLY  
DANGEROUS ASSIGN-  
MENT, MISS  
HESSLIN. BUT I  
ADMIRE YOUR  
NERVE... GO AHEAD  
AND GET YOUR  
PICTURES.

THANKS,  
COLONEL.

THE NEXT DAY, JUST BEFORE  
CHARLIE AND BLUE BOLT  
ARRIVE --

THIS OUGHT TO BE  
A GOOD SHOT... SAY,  
WHAT'S THAT ON THE  
EDGE OF THE FIELD?

THROUGH HER CAMERA SIGHT  
MARG. SEES TWO TINY  
TANKS APPROACHING  
THE LANDING STRIP.



HEY, SOLDIER!  
WARN THAT PLANE  
COMING IN NOT TO  
LAND... TANKS  
APPROACHING  
FIELD.

WAIT A  
MINUTE!

PULL UP-- DON'T  
LAND-- DANGER  
BELOW-- GUN 'ER!



I COULD SEE THESE TANKS HEADED FOR THE STRIP. SO I WARNED THE PILOT AND IT TURNS OUT TO BE YOU.

THANKS, PAL.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, I HAVE AN IDEA-- BE RIGHT BACK--



SHALL I SEND HON. AMERICAN TO ANCESTORS?

NO, WE TAKE HIM BACK.



THEY LASH POOR CHARLIE TO ONE OF THEIR FIENDISH MACHINES.

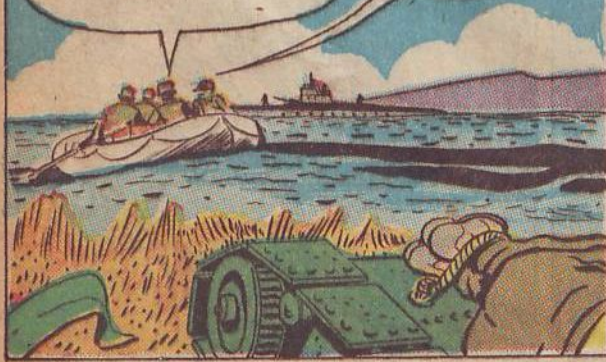
OUR ORDERS ARE TO DIRECT DEATH TANKS TO AMMUNITION DUMP. ARE YOU READY WITH CALCULATIONS?

EXPLOSIVES PLACED. CONNECTIONS MADE. THIS IS ONE HON. AMERICAN WHO WILL DESTROY HIS OWN MEN.



DEATH MACHINE NOW HEADED FOR OBJECTIVE! SOON, AIRPLANE STRIP WILL BE ANNIHILATED. OUR SUB-MARINE RADIO CONTROL OFFICER MUST NOT FAIL.

BANZAI! AND THE AMERICAN GOES, TOO.



SOON THE ROBOT CONTROLS MOVE THE MIDGET TANK WITH CHARLIE, UNCONSCIOUS, ON TOP.











WOW! THAT MIGHT EXPLODE ANY SECOND UNLESS I CAN KNOCK OUT ITS MECHANISM.

BUT POOR CHARLIE'S HEAD IS RIGHT ON THE CONTROLS.



IF I HIT ANY OTHER PART IT'LL BLOW UP-- BUT HERE GOES!

THE SHOT FLIES TRUE TO ITS MARK AND THE TANK STOPS INSTANTLY--



WHERE AM I? WHAT GOES ON HERE?

WON'T YOU BE SURPRISED!

THANKS, PAL. THAT'S ONE I OWE YOU. SAY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SHOOT A PISTOL?



NEVER MIND. LET'S FIND THAT JAP TRANSMITTER.

THEY FOLLOW THE DOODLE-BUG PATH TO THE SHORE AND SOON SPOT THE SUB WAITING FOR THE RUBBER BOAT.



HURRY, PAL, THAT'S OUR BABY!

WILL I BE GLAD TO TAKE A CRACK AT THOSE BOYS!!



HURRY OR WE'LL MISS THE BOAT!

WE CARRY JUST THE BOMBS FOR THAT FISH... COME ON!



WHAT IS THIS? MOVE ON, MARG... WE'VE GOT NIP BUSINESS.

HAVE A HEART, FELLER: DIDN'T I JUST DO YOU A FAVOR?



SORRY, MARGE, I CAN'T  
TAKE YOU-- IT'S STRICTLY  
AGAINST REGULATIONS.  
BUT CHARLIE WILL GET  
THE PICTURES IF YOU  
GIVE HIM THE CAMERA.



O.K., FELLOW,  
WHEN YOU GET  
A GOOD SHOT  
IN THE SIGHT,  
JUST PUSH THAT  
LEVER.



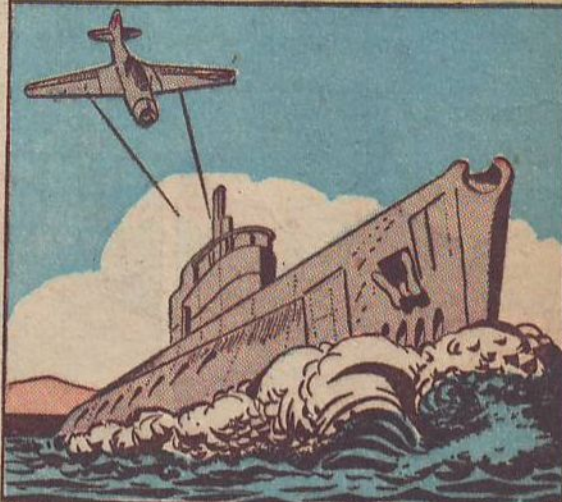
AND AS THEY SPEED  
OFF THE FIELD, THE  
JAPS SCRAMBLE ABOARD  
THE SUB.



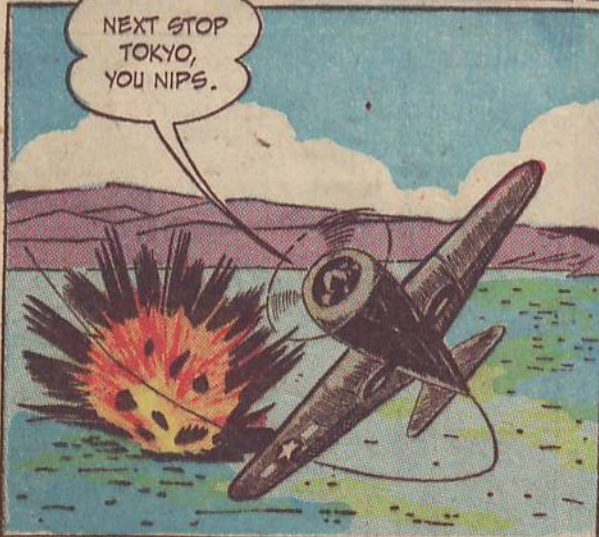
TWO BIRDS WITH  
ONE STONE, EH,  
CHARLIE?



FRANTICALLY, THE JAPS TRY TO SUBMERGE--



NEXT STOP  
TOKYO,  
YOU NIPS.



LATER, AT THE BASE--

WHAT A  
PICTURE I  
GOT!

WHAT  
AN AIM I  
GOT!

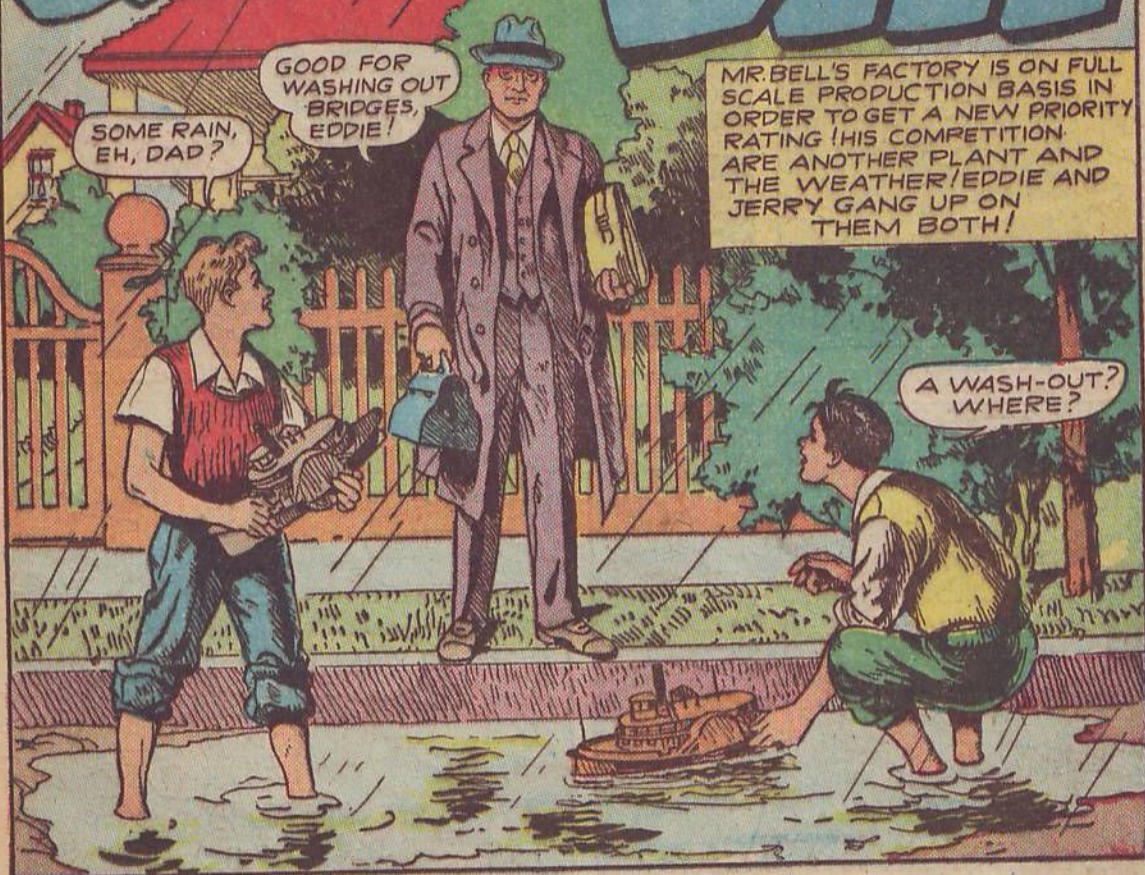
WHAT A  
RIDE I  
GOT!



DO YOUR JOB WELL HERE AT HOME  
OUR FIGHTING MEN CAN HOLD THEIR OWN.

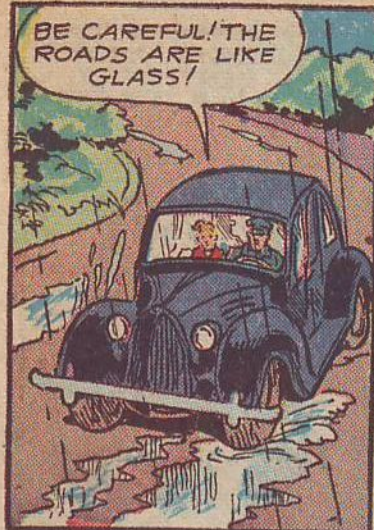


# Edison BELL



THOUGH WORKING IS A NEVER-ENDING GAME  
HARD STUDY OFTEN PAVES THE ROAD TO FAME.



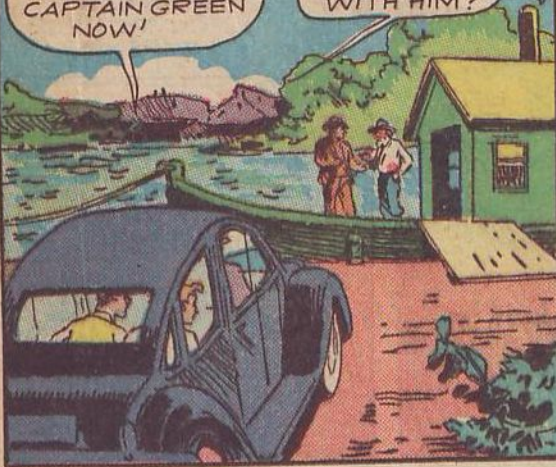




MINUTES LATER--

LOOK, THERE'S CAPTAIN GREEN NOW!

BUT, WHO'S WITH HIM?



BULL GRANT!?

RIGHT! I'VE JUST RENTED THIS OLD TUB FOR THE DURATION!



OH--WELL, WILL YOU LET MY MEN COME ACROSS ON IT?

OF COURSE--AT FIVE DOLLARS PER MAN PER TRIP!

FIVE DOLLARS--YOU'RE JOKING!



AM I? NUTS--I'M OUT AFTER THAT PRIORITY.

WHY, YOU--

EASY, JACK!



MR. BELL CALLS A MEETING OF HIS EMPLOYEES!

--AND I'LL SHOULDER THE FERRYING COST!

THAT'S NOT FAIR!

YOU'LL GO BROKE!



MEANWHILE--

TOO BAD THIS MODEL ISN'T BIGGER, EH, EDDIE? WE COULD HELP YOUR DAD!

SAY--YOU'VE GOT IT!



I DON'T GET YOU, EDDIE---

NEVER MIND NOW--WE'VE GOT TO FIND DAD!





LATER--

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DAD?

IT MIGHT WORK, EDDIE! WAIT--

MR. BELL EXPLAINS TO THE MEN---

SO, YOU'LL ALL TAKE ONE TRIP ACROSS ON GRANT'S BOAT!

LET'S GO!

THE NEXT MORNING --

AH-HA! IT ISN'T OFTEN A MAN CAN MAKE HIS COMPETITOR COVER HIS EXPENSES!

AW, DRY UP!

THE TRIP IS UNEVENTFUL --

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU THIS EVENING, BOYS!

WE MIGHT BE LATE!

SSH!

JACK, SELECT SIX MEN AND GO WITH THE BOYS!

RIGHT!

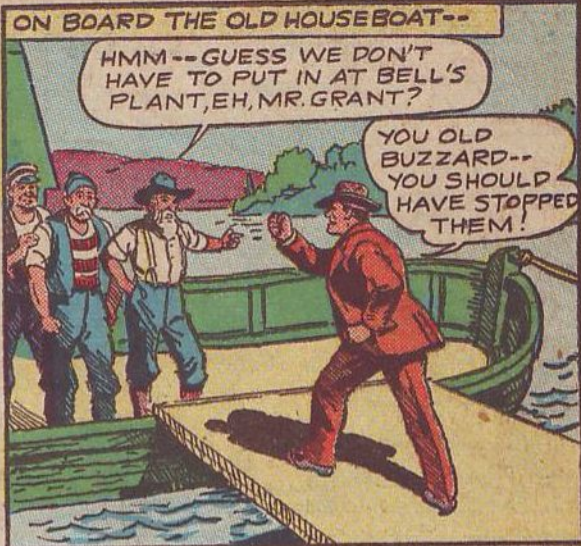
BY QUITTING TIME THAT EVENING, EDDIE AND JERRY HAVE THEIR PLAN WORKING SMOOTHLY!

HEY, I WAS LOOKING FOR THOSE OLD OIL DRUMS TODAY!

HEY, LOOK AT THIS!

DON'T BE AFRAID! WE HAULED SOME HEAVY MACHINERY ACROSS BEFORE!









I-I CAN'T FIGHT THIS CURRENT-HELP!

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. GRANT--



YOU CAN COME ABOARD FOR FIVE DOLLARS--ON THE LINE!

BUT--(SPLUT--)  
I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY ON ME!  
PLEASE!



TOO BAD! WELL, HERE'S A LIFE PRESERVER! WITH LUCK YOU'LL LAND AT THE BEND!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!



I'M NOT SO SURE YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, EDDIE--THOUGH HE WILL HIT LAND SAFELY AT THE BEND!

HUH--HE HAD IT COMING TO HIM, DIDN'T HE?



NEVER MIND, WE'LL MAKE IT UP BY PERMITTING GRANT'S MEN TO USE OUR FERRY!

HOW MUCH A PERSON?



FOR FREE, JACK! REMEMBER GRANT'S PLANT IS HELPING OUR COUNTRY TO WIN THIS WAR, TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. BELL! WE CAN'T TAKE A GRUDGE OUT AGAINST VICTORY, CAN WE?

LET'S HOPE THAT VICTORY ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY! MEANWHILE, HELP IT ALONG--BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS! WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF 4 MOST COMICS!



**HERE  
THEY ARE!  
★ ★  
EDISON BELL'S  
SIMPLIFIED  
PLANS FOR...**

# "MISSISSIPPI"

~ A RUBBER BAND POWERED  
TOY MODEL OF A SIDE WHEELER  
**RIVER BOAT**

By *Ray* *Will*

CIGAR BOX TOP  
OPENED TO SHOW  
INTERIOR. BOX  
MAY BE OPENED  
LIKE THIS TO  
MAKE REPAIRS.

WOODEN DOWELS  
ARE SMOKE STACKS

FASTEN THE  
CIGAR BOX TO  
THE HULL  
WITH A FEW  
SMALL  
NAILS.

WHEEL HOUSE  
IS A BLOCK OF  
WOOD WITH A  
THIN CIGAR  
BOX WOOD  
ROOF.  
WINDOWS ARE  
PAINTED ON.

SIMPLE RUDDER  
CUT FROM TOP  
OF TIN CANS  
AND WEDGED  
IN SLIT.

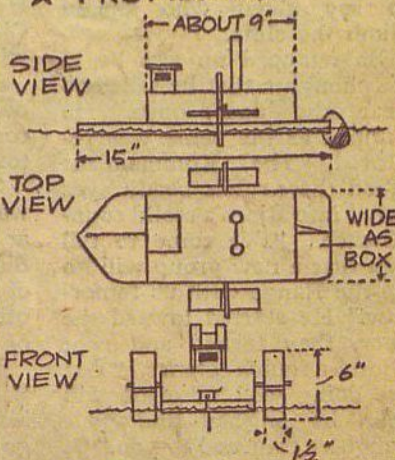
REAR  
SCREW  
EYE

ONE STOUT RUBBER BAND OR A  
FEW THIN ONES, SUPPLY POWER.

HULL IS  
SAWED  
OUT OF  
 $\frac{3}{4}$ " WOOD.

PADDLE  
WHEEL  
DETAIL

## ☆ PROFILES ☆



## HOW IT WORKS...

**T**IE A LENGTH OF STOUT CORD TO THE RUBBER BAND, SLIP IT THROUGH THE REAR SCREW EYE AND FASTEN IT TO THE PADDLE WHEEL SHAFT. SHAFT IS A LENGTH OF  $\frac{1}{4}$ " X  $\frac{1}{4}$ " WOOD "ROUND" SHAFT WHERE IT PASSES THROUGH CIGAR BOX HOLES. WAX THIS SECTION WELL. WIND THE PADDLE WHEELS CLOCK-WISE, TILL THE RUBBER BAND IS TAUT. SET THE BOAT IN THE WATER, ADJUST THE RUDDER... AND LET HER GO! DECORATE THE CRAFT AS YOU SEE FIT.



# THE AVALANCHE

By DAVID T. MARKE

**B**JORN did not move from his chair for a long time after his underground visitor had gone. Ingrid, his gay, enchanting daughter, was dead in Germany! The Nazis had taken her as hostage to make sure that he, Bjorn, would work honestly for them. They had promised to return her safely if he did his job well—they had promised on the sacred word of a Nazi.

Now his Ingrid was dead! Bjorn's eyes hardened as he thought of Kommandant Mann. It was he who had taken Ingrid hostage. It was he who had thought up the idea of getting the Nazis used to mountain climbing, to prepare them to scale the cliffs at Dover. Bjorn had been picked because he was the best mountaineer in Norway.

For a month now he had done the task. It had been hard at first, but then, he had thought to himself, these Nazis forget that perhaps the Allies would have something to say about who should climb the cliffs.

So wrapped up was he in his thoughts that he failed to hear the door open. He jumped as his name was repeated. The Kommandant stood there. His beady eyes bored into Bjorn's stolid countenance. "I've come to tell you that a new group will go up the Range with us tomorrow." He started toward the door, then turned and shot Bjorn a quick glance. "You are doing well. The job will soon be finished and your daughter returned to you."

No sign of emotion showed on Bjorn's face as he met

Mann's eyes squarely. "I know I can trust Herr Mann, as I can all Nazis."

Bjorn almost choked in muffling the cry of rage that tore at his vitals as the door closed. Springing to his feet he feverishly began to collect his few belongings, muttering to himself, "I must get away! I must get a . . ." He paused suddenly as his hand closed on a huge rubber ball. He looked at it. Ingrid had gone wild with joy when he had blown it up for her, shiny and white.

For almost an hour he sat there, turning the flattened object over and over in his hands. And then he smiled. He knew now what to do!

Early the next morning Bjorn stole up the Range with the rubber ball. He was back in the village before he could be missed. And he was vastly pleased when Mann jumped at his suggestion to train the men at night. "We were about to do so, Bjorn. How else could we scale the Cliffs, if not by night? We will begin this evening."

Bjorn smiled as he went out. Mann had praised his cooperation. Well, he'd get it tonight!

That night, Bjorn was waiting for the Kommandant at the foot of the Range. Behind him stretched a long line of Nazis, tied one to the other, awaiting their baptism of mountain climbing.

Mann came up behind Bjorn, tied the rope around himself and ordered, "Let's go!"

For an hour Bjorn led the long line steadily upward,

ever higher into the Range. The path grew narrow, slippery, rough.

"Why do you take this route?" Mann asked.

"Didn't you hear the falling boulders?" countered Bjorn. "I seek to avoid them."

Halfway up the side of a deep crevasse Bjorn stopped and leaned forward as if listening. "Why do you stop now?" nervously demanded Mann. Suddenly they all heard the deep rumble of falling rock, saw the tumbling ball of snow.

Panic-stricken, slipping and falling, the Nazis leaned heavily back on the life-line. As the whole line wavered, Bjorn turned on Mann, a knife in his hand.

"Wait, what are you doing?" Mann cried. His eyes widened in fear and he reached for his Luger — too late — for Bjorn had cut the line. The Nazis began to plunge down, deep into the crevasse.

Bjorn laughed gleefully as he listened to the dying screams of the hated Nazis. By morning he would be in Sweden. He wished though that he could have saved Ingrid's ball. He had inflated it that morning and had tied some rocks to it. When he had paused on the path, he had sent the small stones and the ball resembling a large snowball bouncing down to ward them. The Nazis' inexperience had done the rest.

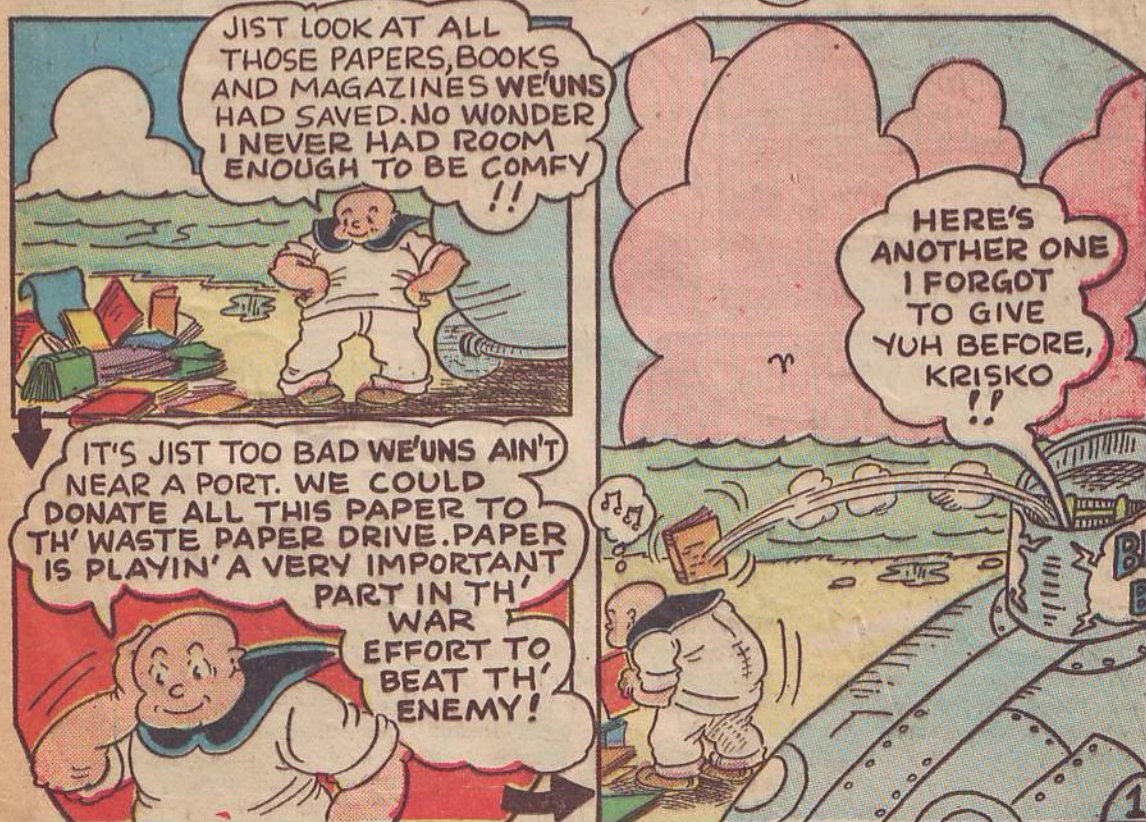
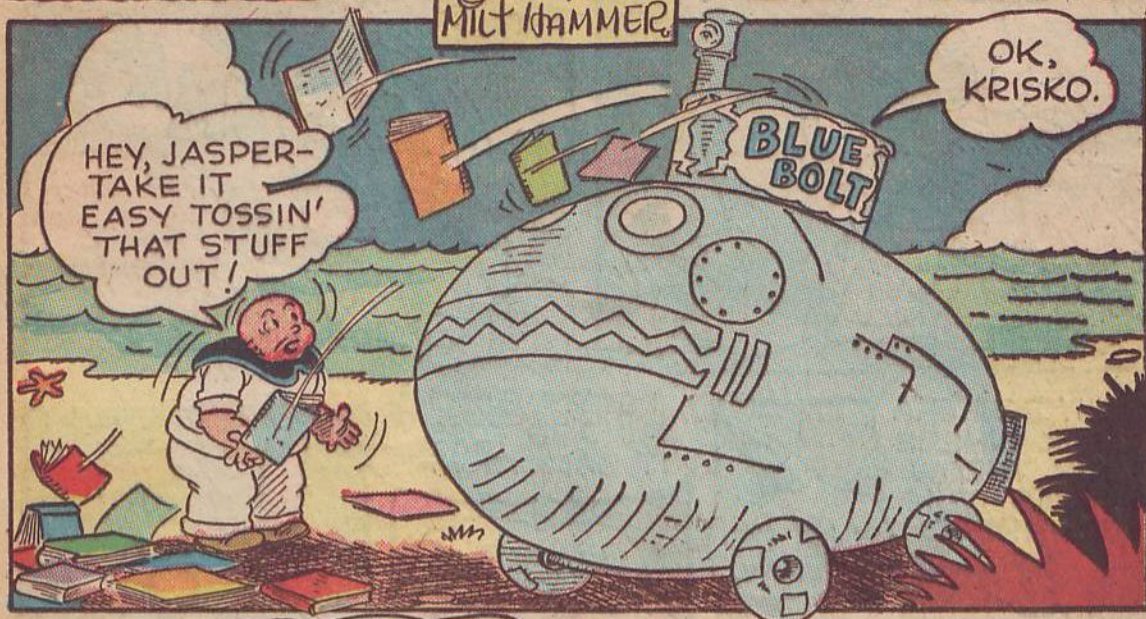
Bjorn's lips moved now as he climbed steadily upward. "You have been avenged, Ingrid."

THE END



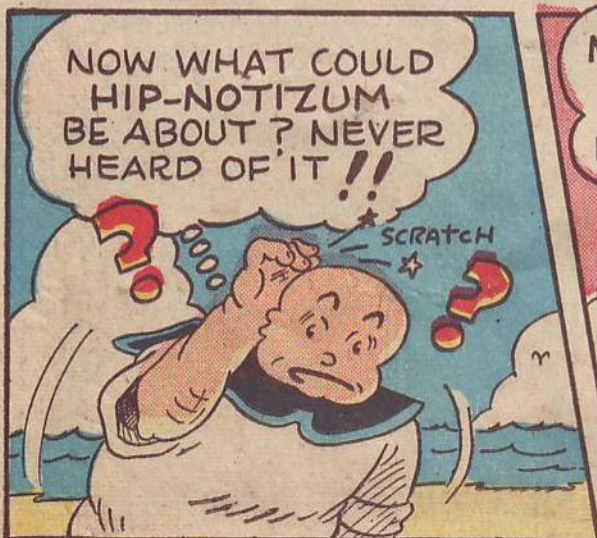
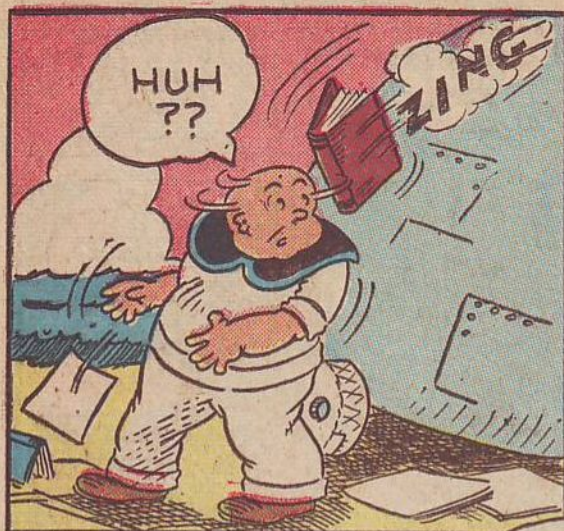
# KRISKO and JASPER

by MILT HAMMER

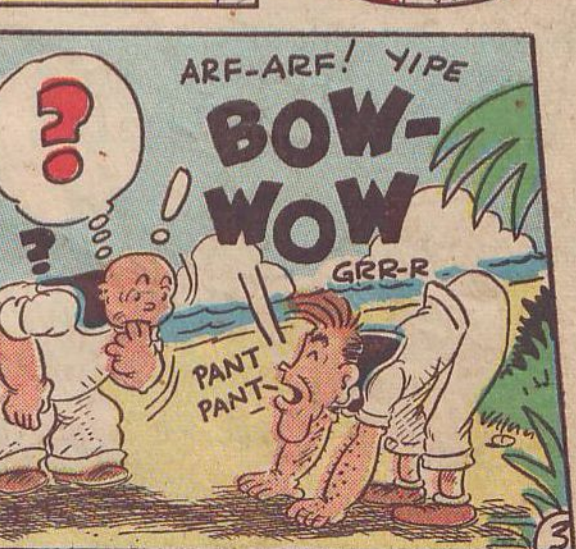
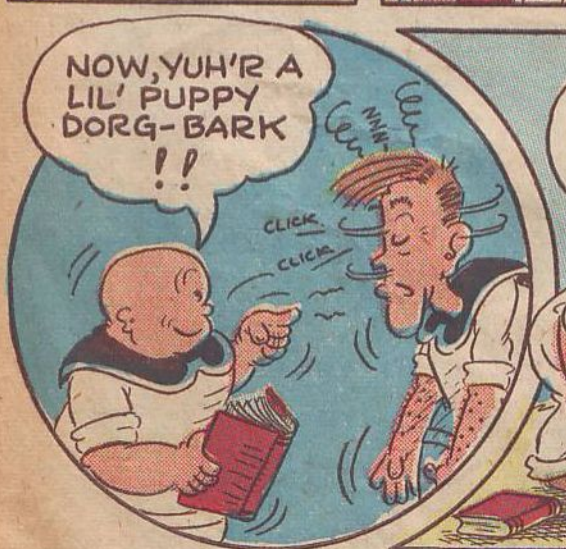
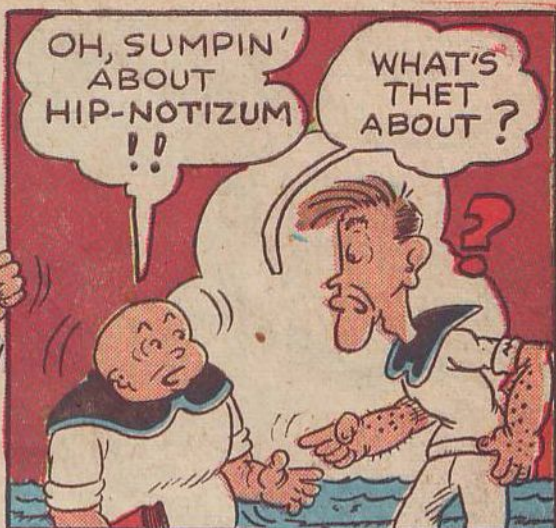


KNOWLEDGE IS THE GREATEST TREASURE  
TAKE IT NOW IN ITS FULL MEASURE.

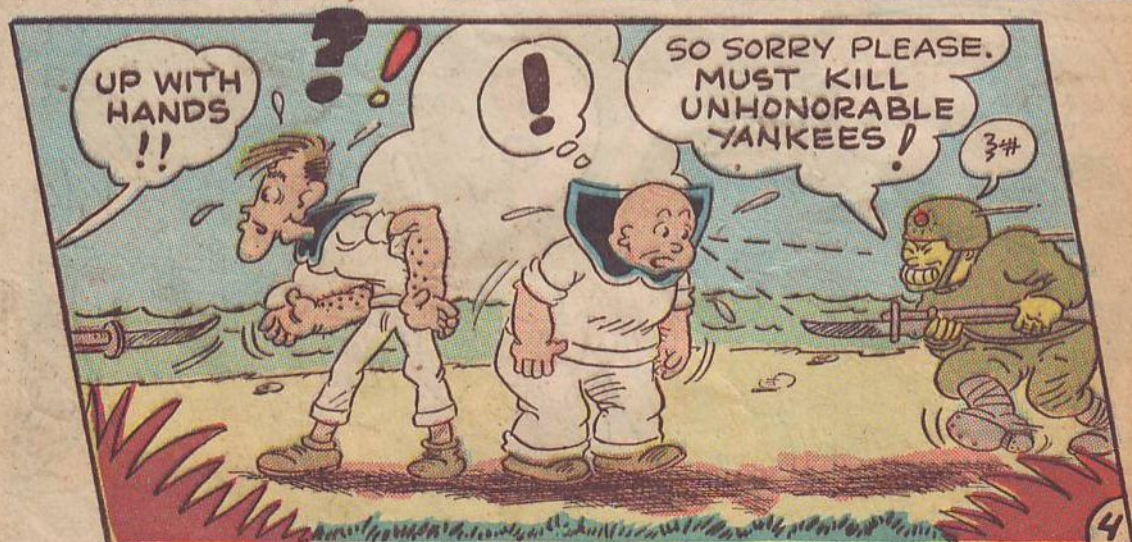
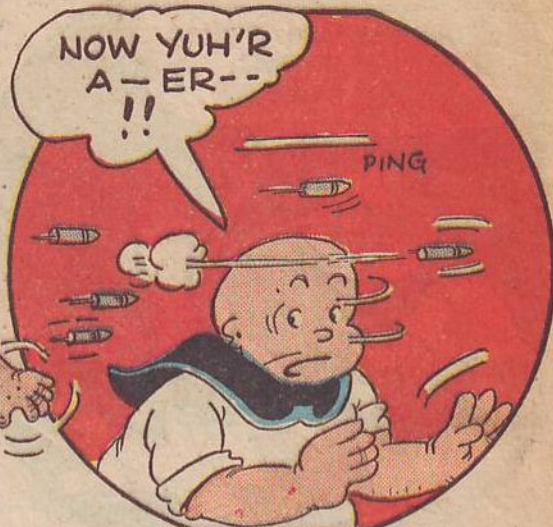
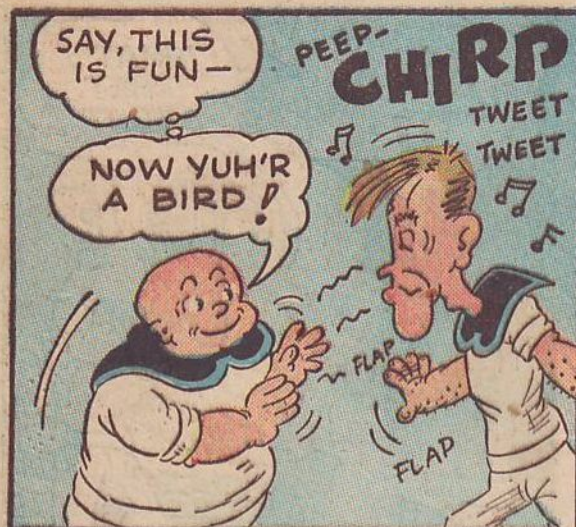




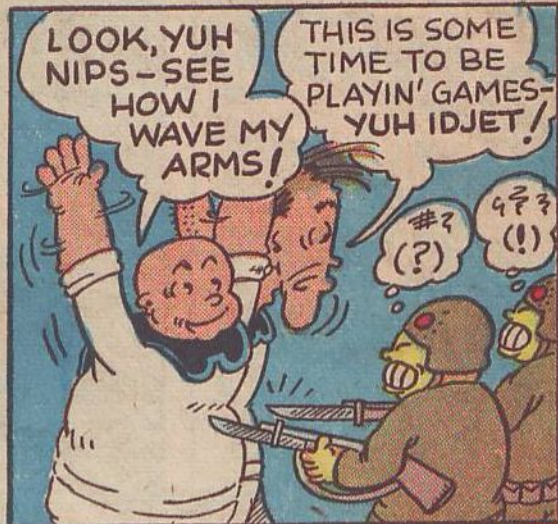
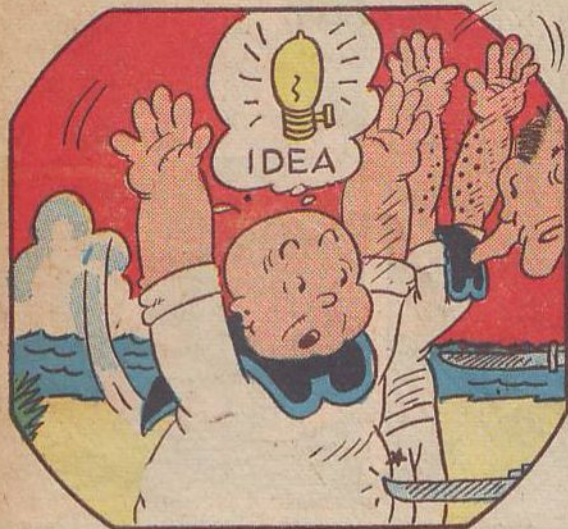














# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

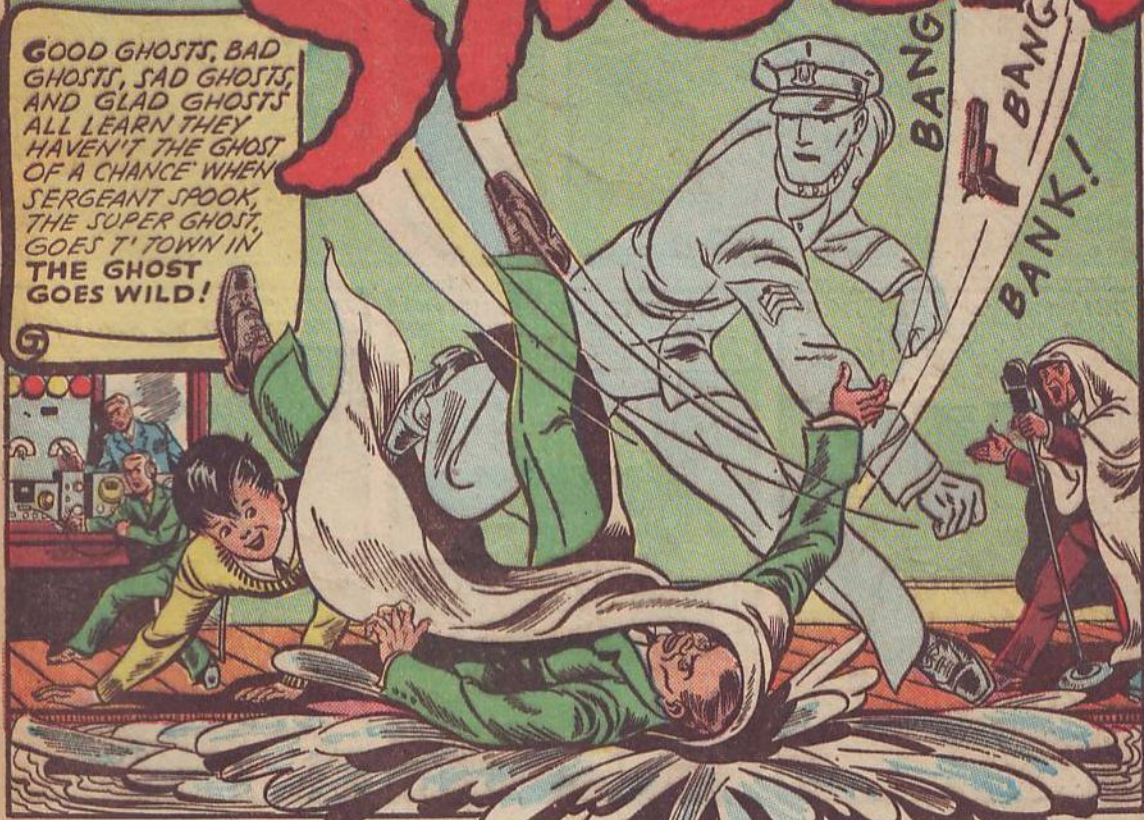


SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!



# Sergeant SPOOK

GOOD GHOSTS, BAD GHOSTS, SAD GHOSTS, AND GLAD GHOSTS ALL LEARN THEY HAVEN'T THE GHOST OF A CHANCE WHEN SERGEANT SPOOK, THE SUPER GHOST, GOES T' TOWN IN THE GHOST GOES WILD!



OUR STORY NATURALLY STARTS AT MIDNIGHT... AND WE FIND JERRY, SERGEANT SPOOK'S PSYCHIC SIDE KICK -- PATIENTLY WAITING FOR HIS FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM... LISTEN:

AND THE SPONSORS OF "THE GHOST" ARE SORRY TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE WILL NOT BE HEARD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE! AS A SUBSTITUTE WE PRES... CLICK!

NUTS! NOW I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.



SPOOK!-- BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! SIT DOWN, WE'VE GOT A REAL MYSTERY TO SOLVE THIS TIME!

AGAIN? -- WHAT'S UP, NOW?



LET'S HAVE BONDS AND STAMPS GALORE AND STAMP THE ENEMY SOME MORE.



**JERRY EXPLAINS . . .**

LOOK HERE ...  
COMPETITION  
FOR YOU!

HM! MUST BE PRETTY  
GOOD TO BE IN TWO  
PLACES AT ONE TIME!

**EVENING NEWS**  
**LOCAL RADIO GHOST**  
**SUSPECTED OF ROBBERY**  
CRIMES COMMITTED AT  
SAME TIME AS  
BROADCAST!

THAT'S JUST IT ---- THIS CROOK  
SCRATCHES THE WORDS "THE  
GHOST" AFTER EVERY CRIME!  
THE ALIBI IS TOO GOOD --  
BET THE POLICE PICKED  
THE RADIO GHOST UP!

THAT WOULD BE EASY TO  
FIND OUT. C'MON! ---  
LISTEN, HERE'S WHAT  
YOU DO ---

EVENING, SERGEANT-- MAY  
I SEE "THE GHOST"? -- I'M  
A FAN OF HIS.

WHAT?  
---HOW'D YOU KNOW  
---AH--BEAT IT!  
THERE'S NO ONE BY  
THAT NAME HERE!

THANKS, SERGEANT, THAT'S  
ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

NICE WORK,  
KIDDO!

GET OUT  
OF HERE!

THIS JUST CAME IN, SIR!

HOLY SMOKES!

WAIT A MINUTE,  
SPOOK-- THIS  
MIGHT BE IT!

THIS CASE IS DRIVIN' ME NUTS!  
WE'VE GOT THE GHOST LOCKED  
UP INSIDE -- AND NOW HE'S  
JUST PULLED ANOTHER JOB!



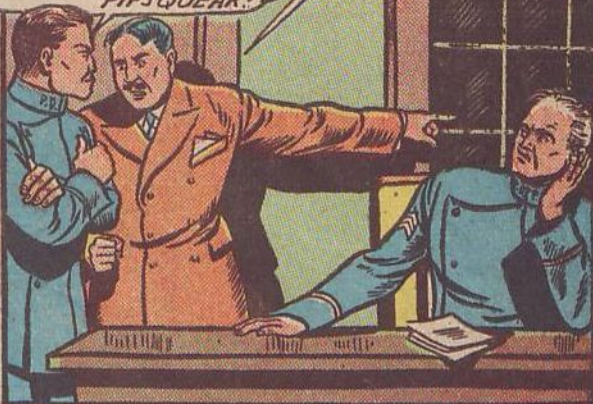
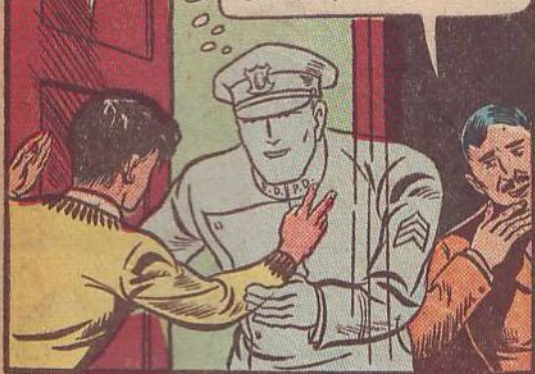
THIS PROVES THERE ARE TWO GHOSTS, SPOOK! LET'S GO!

CHECK!

SAAY! THAT'S RIGHT!

I DEMAND THE RELEASE OF MY CLIENT, THE RADIO GHOST, IMMEDIATELY-- WE'LL SUE FOR FALSE ARREST!

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM! LISTEN, YOU LITTLE PIPSQUEAK!



I LOCKED HIM UP SO THE TOWN WOULDN'T LYNCH HIM! -- FOR HIS OWN GOOD! -- SEE? -- BUT I'M FED UP WITH THE WHOLE THING! TAKE HIM! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!



DUCK, KID... HERE THEY COME NOW!



CHECK!

GOOD WORK, PADERS-- HOW'D YOU SPRING ME?

FORCE, MY BOY! FORCE.



SHH!

HOH!--NIMM--

YOU'D BETTER GET HOME TO BED, JERRY!... I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THEM UNTIL THE BROADCAST TOMORROW NIGHT! SEE YOU THEN!

OKAY-- (YAWN) ---GUESS I AM PRETTY TIRED! G'NIGHT!





JERRY COULD HARDLY WAIT TO FINISH HIS PART-TIME JOB AFTER SCHOOL TO START CHASING THE RADIO GHOST.

SORRY TO BE LATE, SPOOK -- GET ANYTHING ON THEM YET?

NO -- BUT I'M STILL HOPING! IN FIFTEEN MINUTES I'LL SIT IN ON HIS BROADCAST -- JUST TO MAKE SURE!



STILL DON'T TRUST HIM EITHER, EH?

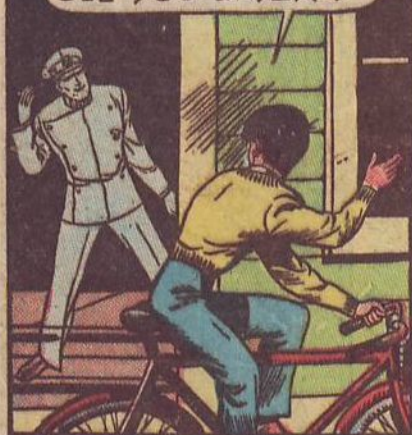
I DON'T KNOW -- IT DOES SEEM LIKE TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE THAT THOSE ROBBERIES HAPPEN JUST WHEN HE'S ON THE AIR -- AND UNDER THE SAME NAME! ARE YOU COMING?

LOVELY ROOM



Entrance BROADCASTING STATION

NAW -- I, AH -- NEED SOME FRESH AIR -- SEE YOU LATER!



AND LATER -- THE WITCHING HOUR --



MIDNIGHT! AND TIME FOR ANOTHER CHILLING, THRILLING STORY FROM --

THE GHOST



GOOD E-V-E-N-I-N-G -- HEH! HEH! HEH!





I'LL JUST RIDE AROUND TOWN  
AND--UH-OH! HERE'S MY  
PROGRAM...

TONIGHT WE  
DEAL WITH  
IMPENDING  
DEATH!

EEEEEEKKK!

HOLY SMOKES! THAT SCREAM  
WASN'T FROM THE RADIO --  
SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME  
FROM THE HOUSE OVER  
THERE WHERE THE CAR  
IS PARKED! BETTER  
HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

HELP! POLICE --  
IT'S THE GHOST!

YIPE! LOOKS  
LIKE I'M  
HIDING BEHIND  
THE WRONG  
OBJECT!

GOOD... DIDN'T  
SPOT ME! --  
BUT NOW  
WHAT?

As THE CAR ROLLS AWAY  
JERRY ACTS FAST !!

NOTHING ELSE I COULD DO!  
--EASY ON THE TURNS, PAL!--  
IT'S NONE TOO COMFORTABLE  
BACK HERE!

LATER --

--ANOTHER JOB? GUESS  
NOT... THIS PLACE HASN'T  
BEEN LIVED IN IN YEARS--  
YIPE! IT'S HIS HIDEOUT!







FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER--  
BACK AT THE MANSION --

THANKS FOR THE  
TIP, KID -- BUT IT  
LOOKS AS IF WE'RE  
TOO LATE!

YEAH -- HE'S GONE,  
ALL RIGHT! GUESS  
HE MISSED ME AND  
FIGURED I'D GONE  
FOR HELP!

I KNOW HOW TO TRAP  
HIM -- WE'LL CHANGE  
THE TIME OF MY  
BROADCAST AND...

THE NEXT NIGHT... WHEN THE  
GHOST STARTS TO BROADCAST.

COPS WAITING ALL OVER TOWN  
AND WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT!  
THAT'S THE CROOK'S CAR STOP-  
PING AT THE BANK NOW! C'MON!

LEAVE THIS TO ME,  
PAL -- YOU GET  
THE COPS!

HAA! THOUGHT HE  
FOOLED ME, DID HE?  
HA! HA! THIS IS MY  
BIGGEST HAUL!

NOT  
QUITE --

IT'S YOUR  
BIGGEST  
MISTAKE!

AWWK!

POW!

THERE! THAT'LL  
KEEP YOU PUT  
FOR A WHILE!

IN HERE,  
OFFICER.

JERRY! LISTEN...  
BZZ BZZZ!

OKAY -- ER -- FIND THE  
COMBINATION OF THE  
VAULT, BOYS, AND YOU'LL  
FIND THE MAN!

WELL I'LL BE!

YOU'RE ALL  
RIGHT, KID!  
HOW'D YOU  
SWING IT?

THE REAL CREDIT GOES TO  
THE RADIO GHOST! FOR  
CHANGING HIS RADIO  
TIME... THAT THREW  
THE CROOK OFF!

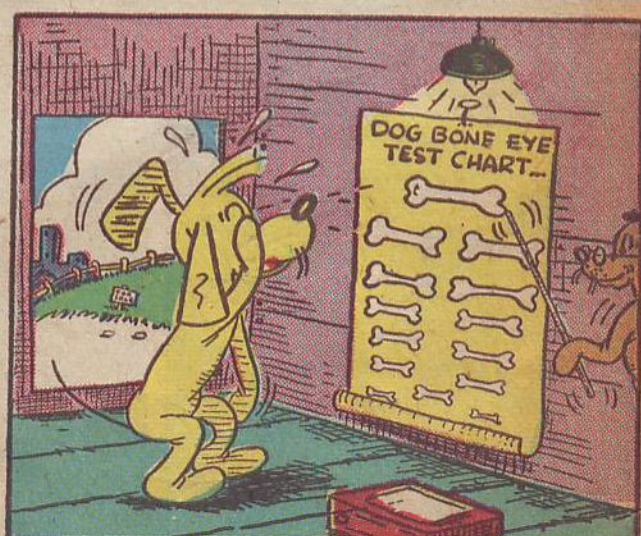
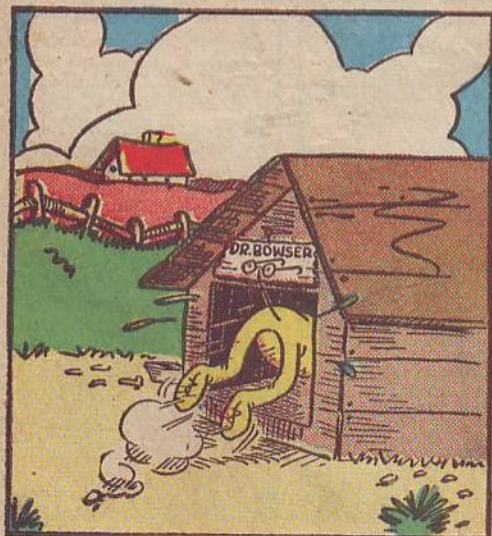
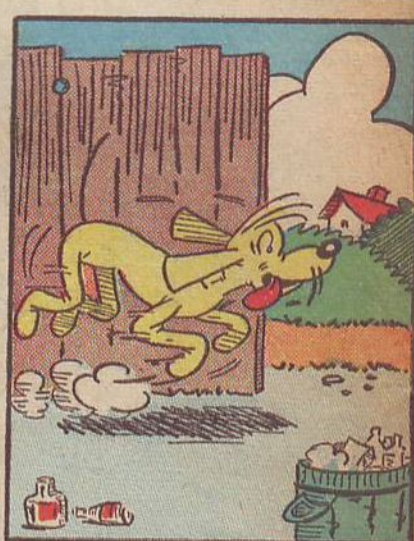
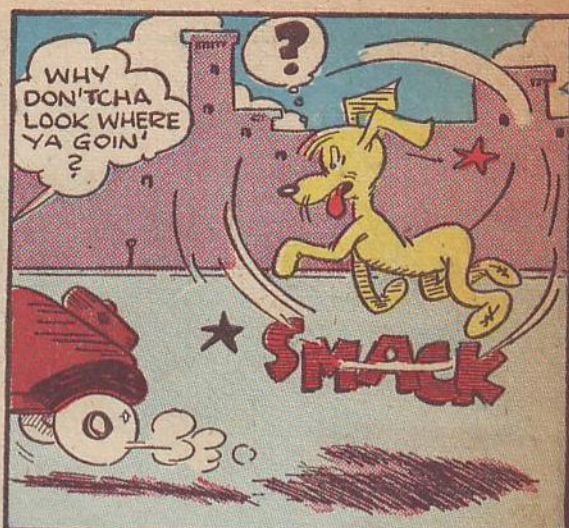
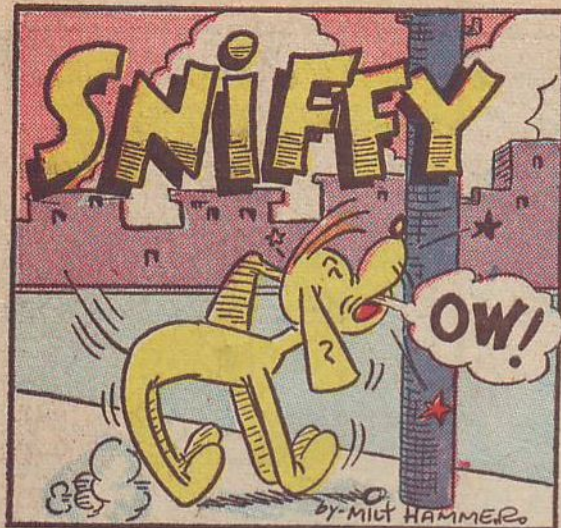
I GET IT... YOU  
FIXED IT SO HE'D  
TIE HIS HAND!  
NICE GOING!

LATER . . .

THAT CLEARS OUR  
FRIEND -- BUT, BOY  
WOULD I LIKE TO  
REHAUNT THAT  
CROOKED GHOST!

THAT'S MY DEPART-  
MENT! PRISON CELLS  
GET AWFULLY LONE-  
SOME AT NIGHT --  
AND STONE WALLS  
ARE NO BARRIER  
TO ME! HA! HA!





SHOW THE RASCALS THEY CAN'T WIN  
BY SAVING PAPER, FAT AND TIN.



"Make Me Prove . . .

# I CAN MAKE YOU COMMANDO -TOUGH

inside and out . . . in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**  
whom experts call the

**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Earn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 35, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you light in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

### PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

## READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT

**A. PASSAMONT**, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

**REX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa, says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

# FREE!



## BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in BOOK FORM  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

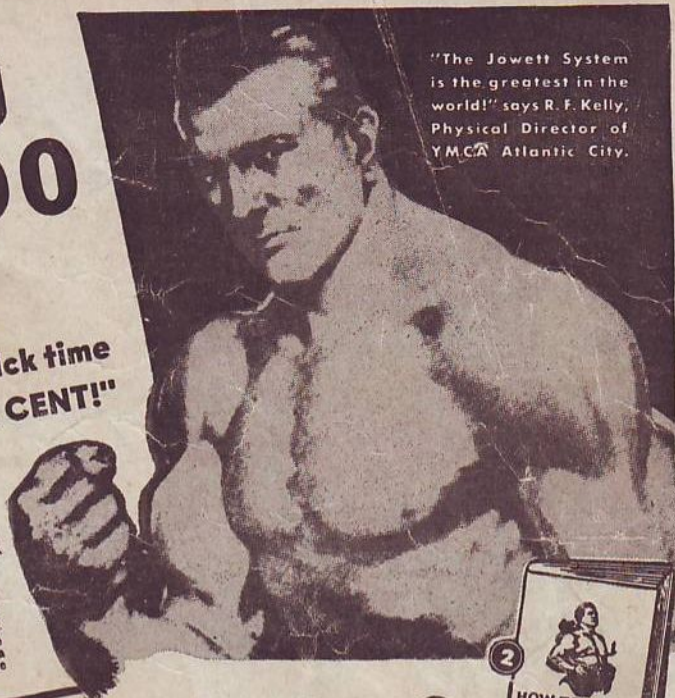
## 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 601, New York 1, N. Y.

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director of Y.M.C.A. Atlantic City.



## FREE GIFT COUPON!



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Champion of  
Champions

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George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose ( ). Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

- ☐ All 5 courses for . . . \$1
- ☐ Molding Mighty Legs 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
- ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME . . . . . Age . . . . .  
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS . . . . .



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Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.



Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 964, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

Color of Hair .....  
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You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

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What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin Sterling Silver Pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

*Sterling Silver*  
**RING and Matching EARRINGS**



**SEND NO MONEY**

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**10 DAYS TRIAL**

EXTRA WIDE

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If you order BOTH the Ring AND Earrings and send your order PROMPTLY. Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

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State ..... Ring Size .....

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Gift I would like to have you send me.

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